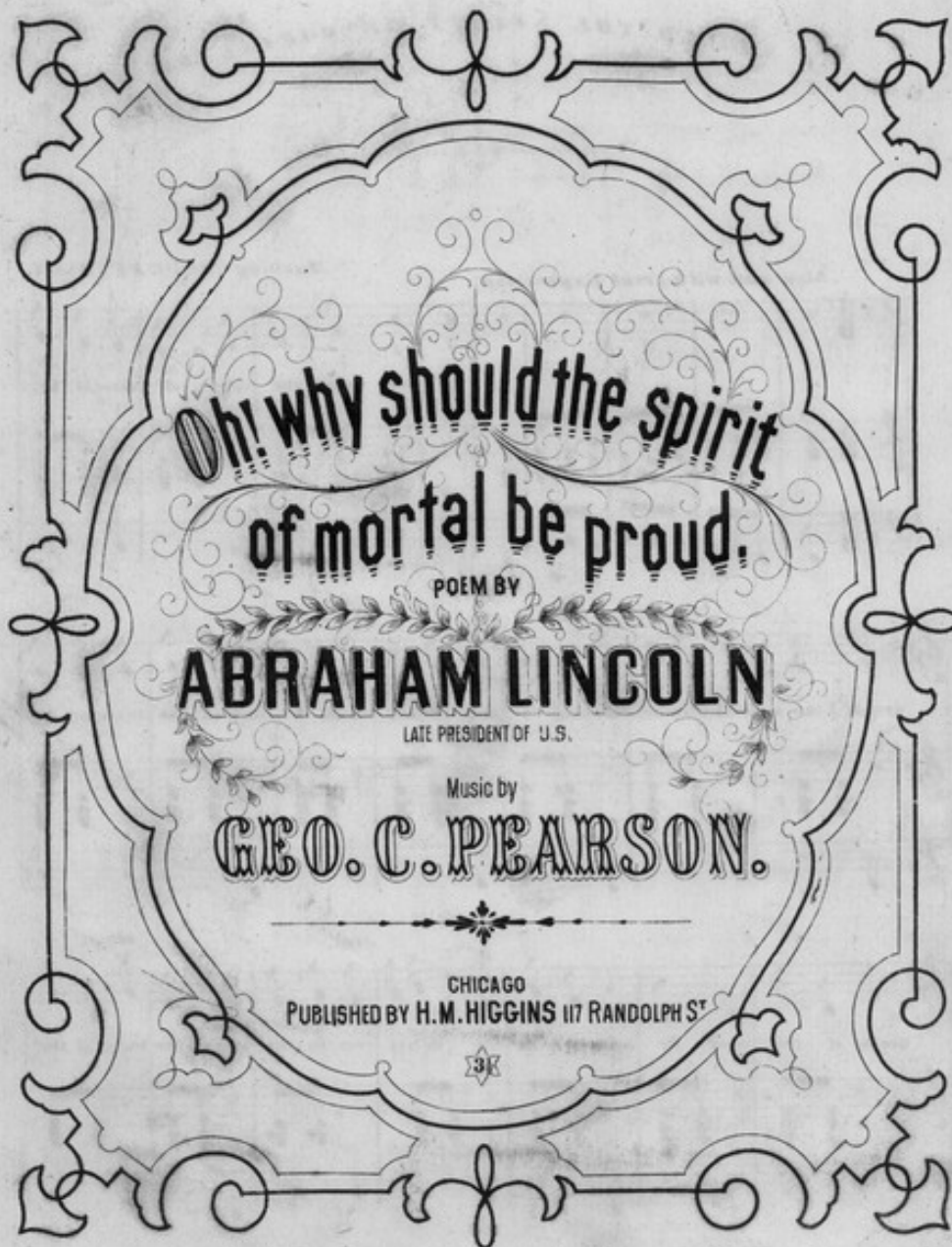


1678



Oh! why should the spirit
of mortal be proud.

POEM BY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LATE PRESIDENT OF U.S.

Music by

GEO. C. PEARSON.

CHICAGO

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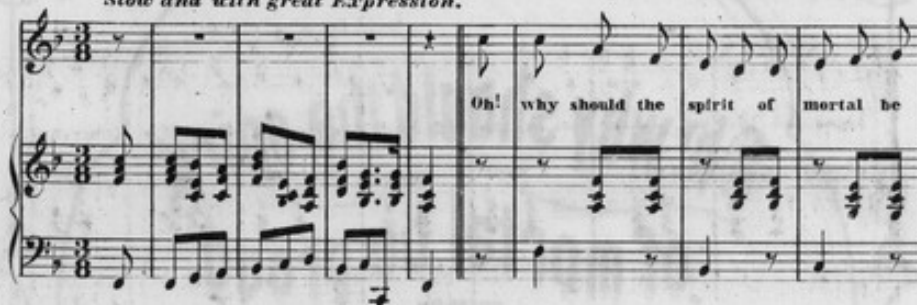


OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?



Slow and with great Expression.

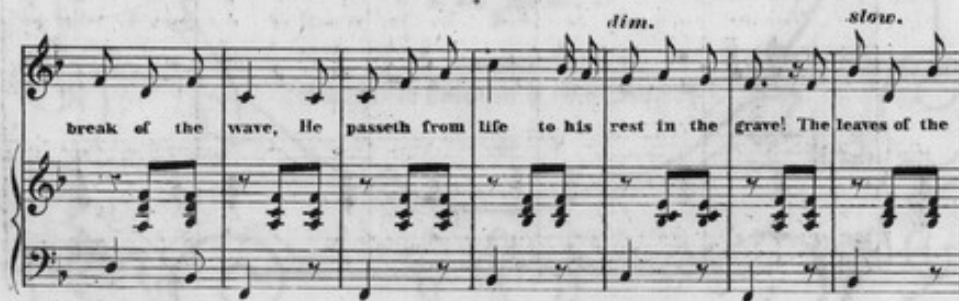
Music by GEO. C. PEARSON.



Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be



proud? Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast fly-ing cloud, A flash of the lightning, a



break of the wave, He passeth from life to his rest in the grave! The leaves of the

oak and the willow shall fade, Be scatter'd a - round and to - gether be laid; And the

with great feeling.

young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall crumble to dust, and to gether shall lie.

CHORUS.

Air. *f* 'Tis the wink of an eye, *pp* 'tis the draught of a breath, From the

Alto. *f* 'Tis the wink of an eye, *pp* 'tis the draught of a breath, From the

Tenor. *f* 'Tis the wink of an eye, *pp* 'tis the draught of a breath, From the

Bass. *f* 'Tis the wink of an eye, *pp* 'tis the draught of a breath, From the

ACCOMP'T. *f* *pp*

Oh why should the spirit.

blo - som of health, to the paleness of death, From the gild - ed sa - loon, to the

blo - som of health, to the paleness of death; From the gild - ed sa - loon, to the

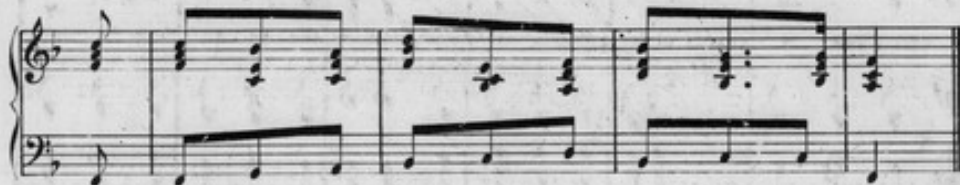
The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "blo - som of health, to the paleness of death, From the gild - ed sa - loon, to the". The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

hier and the shroud! Oh! why should the spr - it of mor - tal be proud?

hier and the shroud! Oh! why should the spr - it of mor - tal be proud?

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "hier and the shroud! Oh! why should the spr - it of mor - tal be proud?". The tempo marking "rall" is placed above the first staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar eighth-note pattern.

Oh why should the spirit



2.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.
 The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
 The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

Quartette 'Tis the wink of an eye, &c

3

For we are the same, our father's have been;
 We see the same sights our father's have seen;
 We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
 And run the same course our father's have run.
 The thoughts we are thinking our father's would think;
 From the death we are shrinking our father's would shrink;
 To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
 But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

Quartette 'Tis the wink of an eye, &c

4.

They died!—aye! they died; we things that are now,
 That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
 Meet the things that *they* met, on *their* pilgrimage road.
 Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain,
 And the smile and the tear—the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other like surge upon surge.
 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health, to the paleness of death;
 From the gilded saloon, to the bier and the shroud!
 Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?